IT'S TERRIFIC

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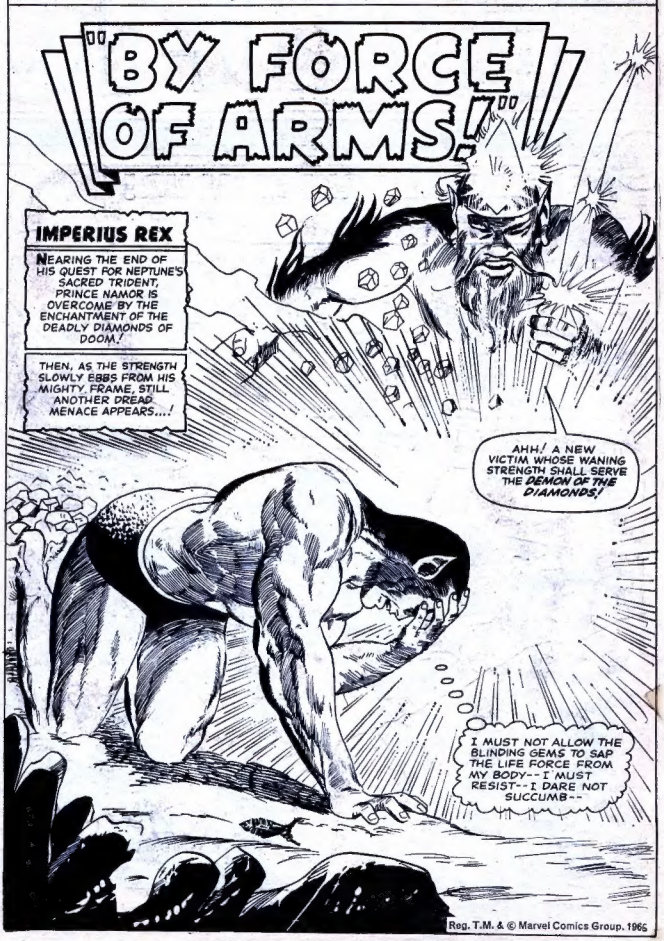
No.4 6 MAY 1967 EVERY MONDAY NINEPENCE

A POWER COMIC

The Mysterious DOCTOR STRANGE! See page 29

Prince Namor, THE SUB-MARINER!



Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1965

AND THEN, JUST AS IT SEEMS THAT ALL HOPE INDEED IS GONE...

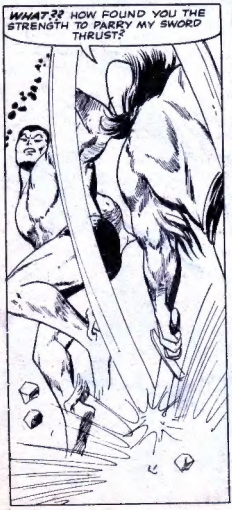
I HAVE BUT ONE LAST CHANCE! IN TRUTH I AM STILL **NAMOR**, LORD OF THE SEVEN SEAS! ALL THAT LIVE WITHIN THIS REALM ARE MINE TO COMMAND!

THEREFORE, LET THE STRENGTH OF THE FLORA AND FAUNA ABOUT ME--FROM THE HUMBLEST FISH TO THE LOWLIEST SEAWEED--BE **MINE!**

SWEAR ETERNAL **SERVITUDE** TO ME, TRESPASSER --OR **PERISH!**

MY WORD IS **STILL** THE SPOKEN LAW! EVEN NOW, I FEEL THE POWER RETURNING TO MY LIMBS--!

YOU SPEAK NOT! THUS, YOU HAVE **SEALED** YOUR FATE!



'TIS THE LORD OF ATLANTIS YOU FACE! I FIGHT FOR MY THRONE--FOR MY KINGDOM--FOR MY BIRTHRIGHT! NO POWER SAVE THAT OF NEPTUNE HIMSELF CAN STOP ME!!
NOT SO! MY BLADE SHALL STILL YOUR ARROGANT TONGUE!

BY THE ROTTING REEFS OF CORAL! YOUR SPEED IS THE EQUAL OF THE TIGER SHARK ITSELF!
WHIT
NAY! IT IS FASTER BY FAR!

AND SURELY NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN MATCH MY FURY--MY BURNING, SEETHING RAGE!!

EVEN AS I STRIKE, ANOTHER SITS UPON MY THRONE! ANOTHER HOLDS MY JEWELLED SCEPTRE!!
AND I MAY NOT EXACT MY PRINCELY REVENGE UNTIL MY QUEST IS DONE!!

FOR, ONLY BY FINDING NEPTUNE'S TRIDENT CAN I PROVE MYSELF THE RIGHTFUL RULER OF THE REALM!
BUT, FIND IT I SHALL--THOUGH A THOUSAND SUCH AS YOU MAY STAND AGAINST ME!

MY JEWELLED HAT!! WITHOUT IT, I TOO MAY FALL VICTIM TO THE DEADLY DIAMONDS!!
THE GLARE IS BLINDING!! I CANNOT SEE--!

AHHH--I HAVE REACHED MY LIFE-SAVING HEADPIECE IN TIME! BUT THE SUB-MARINER IS DAZED BY THE BRILLIANCE ABOUT HIM--!
ONCE AGAIN I FEEL MY STRENGTH BEGINNING TO EBB!! THE POWER OF THE DIAMONDS OF DOOM IS BEYOND DESCRIPTION--BEYOND BELIEF!

THE BATTLE IS WON! NOTHING CAN SAVE HIM NOW!
YOU ARE LIKE ALL THE OTHERS--NAUGHT BUT A FRAUD! FOR I SHALL VANQUISH YOU! ONLY THE TRUE SUB-MARINER IS DESTINED TO BE MY MASTER!

NOW, IN THE NAME OF NEPTUNE, I CONCLUDE THIS AFFAIR!!

THERE IS NO TIME TO ABSORB ADDITIONAL STRENGTH FROM THE LIFE ABOUT ME! BUT STILL THERE IS HOPE-- IF THE ONES I AM MENTALLY SUMMONING ARE NEAR--!

AND THEN, JUST AS THE UNDERSEA DEMON PREPARES TO STRIKE...
NO! STAY AWAY! KEEP BACK!! BACK!! NOTHING CAN SURVIVE YOUR TOUCH!
AND, IN A REGAL PALACE CHAMBER, IN FABLED ATLANTIS, AT THAT INSTANT...

ONCE AGAIN THE ACCURSED NAMOR IS SAVED-- THIS TIME BY A GROUP OF GIANT ELECTRIC EELS! CAN NOTHING STOP HIM??!

THE EELS ARE ABSORBING THE POWER OF THE DIAMONDS--THUS FREEING NAMOR FROM THEIR SPELL! HE HAS TRIUMPHED AGAIN!
BUT, SO LONG AS NAMOR LIVES, THE CROWN I HAVE STOLEN FROM HIM CAN NEVER TRULY BE MINE!
AND THAT IS WHY NAMOR MUST PERISH --SO THAT KRANG CAN REMAIN RULER OF THIS REALM!
SO THAT I MAY WAGE WAR UPON THE HUMAN RACE--AND DESTROY IT--FOR THE GLORY OF ATLANTIS!
MEANWHILE, UNAWARE THAT WARLORD KRANG HAS BEEN FOLLOWING EVERY PHASE OF HIS QUEST, NAMOR LISTENS TO A LORDLY VOICE...
THOU HAST DONE WELL, MY SON! NOW, BUT ONE LAST TRIAL AWAITS THEE!
BUT, THOU MUST FIND THE SITE OF THE FINAL TEST TWIXELR! IT WILL COME TO THEE, IF THOU SEARCH HARD AND LONG ENOUGH!
THE VOICE OF FATHER NEPTUNE! IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THE EELS THEMSELVES! WHO KNOWS WHAT FORM THE RULER OF THE DEEPS MAY ASSUME?!!

BUT THEN, THE VOICE OF NEPTUNE FADES AWAY, AND A FAINT MESSAGE REACHES NAMOR FROM THE STILL-GLOWING EELS--!

LADY DORMA-- THE FACELESS ONES-- LADY DORMA--

A MESSAGE-- CONCERNING DORMA!

IT GROWS STRONGER --LOUDER! OTHER FISH ARE BRINGING IT TO ME, FOR THEY ARE THE NEWS-GATHERERS OF THE DEEP!

SHE IS A PRISONER OF THE FACELESS ONES-- IN THEIR KINGDOM BEYOND THE PALE OF ATLANTIS!* I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN!

*AS WE SAW LAST WEEK IN TERRIFIC 3— EDITOR.

NONE HAVE EVER RETURNED FROM THE LAND OF THE FACELESS ONES! IF I DO NOT SPEED TO HER SIDE, DORMA WILL SHARE THAT SAME DISMAL FATE!

YET, IF I ABANDON THE QUEST, I FORFEIT ALL RIGHTS TO MY CROWN, AND THEN SURELY KRANG WILL PLUNGE THE WORLD INTO A WAR SUCH AS EARTH HAS NEVER KNOWN!

BUT, IF I FAIL HER NOW, THEN DORMA IS TRULY DOOMED! DORMA--WHOSE LOVE FOR ME HAS NEVER FALTERED! THUS MUST A PRINCE MAKE A MOST GRIM DECISION!

AND, EVEN AS NAMOR SEARCHES HIS SOUL FOR THE RIGHT COURSE TO TAKE, A SUDDEN REVOLT ERUPTS OUTSIDE THE PALACE IN ATLANTIS--

DEATH TO THE TYRANT KRANG!

HE HAS SENT THE FAIR DONNA TO THE LAND OF THE FACELESS ONES!

AND HE HAS SENT NAMOR TO HIS DOOM ON AN IMPOSSIBLE QUEST!

HE TAXES US WITHOUT MERCY, TO FEED HIS DEADLY WAR MACHINE!

DOWN WITH KRANG!

LET THERE BE AN END TO HIS TYRANNY! DOWN WITH KRANG!

DOWN WITH KRANG!

DOWN WITH KRANG!

DOWN WITH KRANG!
IT'S BEEN ALMOST TOO EASY! HE MUST HAVE HEARD US! WHERE ARE HIS DEFENCES??

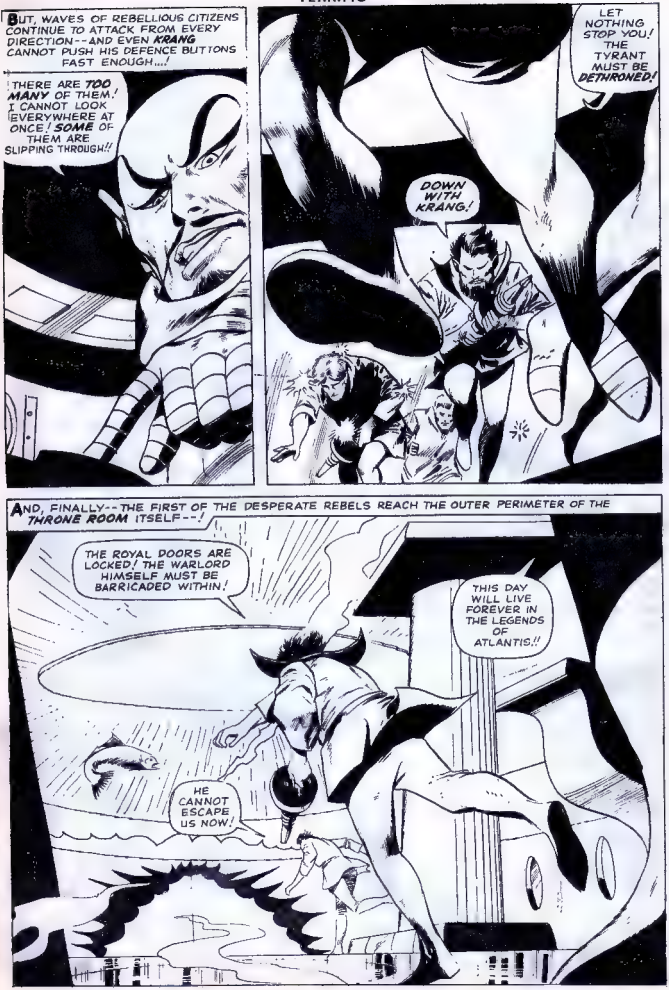
THEN, AS IF IN ANSWER TO THAT WHISPERED QUESTION--
LASER BEAMS!! STAY BACK! NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN PENETRATE THEM!

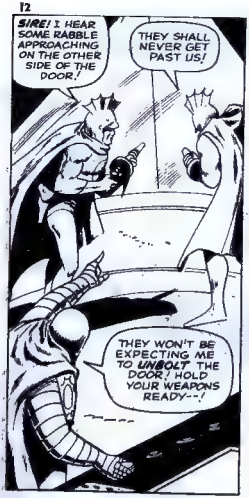
THE FOOLS! DID THEY THINK ME UNPREPARED FOR THIS??!

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PALACE CORRIDOR...
FASTER-- BEFORE HE KNOWS WE'RE HERE!

BUT, KRANG'S INTER-PALACE VIDEO SENTRY REVEALS THE SECOND ATTACK AS CLEARLY AS THE FIRST...
ALL I NEED DO IS ACTIVATE THE NERVE-SHOCK LIGHTS OVERHEAD...!

AT THAT SELFSAME SPLIT-SECOND, THE RUNNING FIGURES ARE BATHED IN A STRANGE SHIMMERING BEAM-- AND THE WILL TO FIGHT IS INSTANTLY DRIVEN FROM THEIR BRAINS--!
TURN BACK! WE MUST TURN BACK!
IT IS USELESS! WE MUST GO NO FURTHER!


BUT, WAVES OF REBELLIOUS CITIZENS CONTINUE TO ATTACK FROM EVERY DIRECTION--AND EVEN KRANG CANNOT PUSH HIS DEFENCE BUTTONS FAST ENOUGH....!
THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM! I CANNOT LOOK EVERYWHERE AT ONCE! SOME OF THEM ARE SLIPPING THROUGH!!
LET NOTHING STOP YOU! THE TYRANT MUST BE DETHRONED!
DOWN WITH KRANG!
AND, FINALLY--THE FIRST OF THE DESPERATE REBELS REACH THE OUTER PERIMETER OF THE THRONE ROOM ITSELF--!
THE ROYAL DOORS ARE LOCKED! THE WARLORD HIMSELF MUST BE BARRICADED WITHIN!
THIS DAY WILL LIVE FOREVER IN THE LEGENDS OF ATLANTIS!!
HE CANNOT ESCAPE US NOW!


SIRE! I HEAR SOME RABBLE APPROACHING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR!
THEY SHALL NEVER GET PAST US!
THEY WON'T BE EXPECTING ME TO UNBOLT THE DOOR! HOLD YOUR WEAPONS READY--!

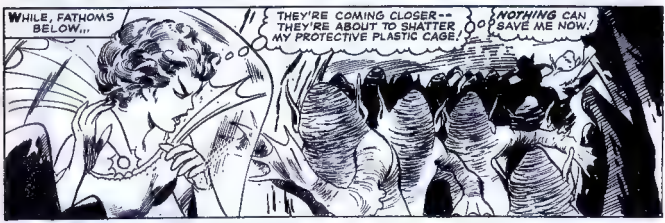
WHAT DEVILISH RUSE IS THISSR THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AS IF TO BID US ENTER!

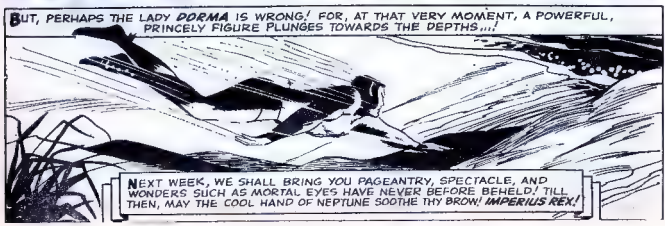
THEN, LET US TAKE ADVANTAGE OF--
NO! LOOK OUT! IT'S A TRAP!!

BUT, THE REBELS ARE NOT DETERRED! INSTEAD OF FALLING BACK IN PANIC, AS EXPECTED, THEY HURL THEMSELVES FORWARD, KNOWING THERE CAN BE NO TURNING BACK FOR ANY OF THEM!
DOWN WITH KRANG!
THEY ATTACK--RIGHT INTO THE CHARGE OF OUR BLASTERS! THEY--
-UNNNHH-!

AND THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HE HAS SEIZED THE THRONE, KRANG TRULY KNOWS THE MEANING OF FEAR--!
TRAITOR! WE HAVE YOU AT LAST!
LOOK OUT! HE'S TURNING THAT CONTROL DIAL! WHAT CAN IT BE?!

ALAS, WE SHALL NOT LEARN THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MYSTERIOUS CONTROL DIAL UNTIL LATER, FOR WE MUST TURN AGAIN TO THE SUB-MARINER!
I HAVE MADE MY DECISION! I CANNOT LEAVE DORMA TO THE MERCY OF THE FACELESS ONES!
IF MY CHOICE BE A DISASTEROUS ONE, I AM PREPARED TO PAY THE PRICE!


WHILE, FATHOMS BELOW...
THEY'RE COMING CLOSER-- THEY'RE ABOUT TO SHATTER MY PROTECTIVE PLASTIC CAGE!
NOTHING CAN SAVE ME NOW!


BUT, PERHAPS THE LADY DORMA IS WRONG! FOR, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A POWERFUL, PRINCELY FIGURE PLUNGES TOWARDS THE DEPTHS...!
NEXT WEEK, WE SHALL BRING YOU PAGEANTRY, SPECTACLE, AND WONDERS SUCH AS MORTAL EYES HAVE NEVER BEFORE BEHELD! TILL THEN, MAY THE COOL HAND OF NEPTUNE SOOTHE THY BROW! IMPERIUS REX!

TERRIFIC NEWS!

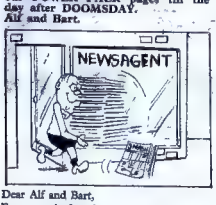
SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:—
TERRIFIC
64, LONG ACRE
LONDON, W.C.2

Once again the Power House is eight steps ahead of the rest of the world—which means we're preparing this *extra-terrestrially* tremendous TERRIFIC NEWS for TERRIFIC 4 while the churning presses are still stamping out TERRIFICS 1, 2 and 3 ! ! !

Get the picture ? None of you wild ones have even been privileged to *see* a TERRIFIC let alone had the chance to write to us here. So here's a scintillating sample of letters received by the rest of the POWER PACK . . .

Dear Alf and Bart,
It's a goal ! You've scored again—FANTASTIC is tops ! I've had SMASH, WHAM, POW and FANTASTIC ever since they started, and in my bedroom I've got five shelves that Dad made for me and on one BIG shelf I've got every SMASH, WHAM, POW and FANTASTIC (every one) in order, so that I can read them over again and again. Your comics are great. Don't ever take Spidey out of POW—or I'll never like you again.
Michael Punter,
Bristol.

Point taken, Mike. Spidey'll grace our POWER PACK pages till the day after DOOMSDAY.
Alf and Bart.



Dear Alf and Bart,
Every week for the past three months I have been ordering (believe it or not) fifteen SMASH comics from my newsagent !
It all started when my best friend left for New Zealand four months ago. Now every letter he sends me always ends : "P.S. Remember SMASH ! "
Now I have to send thirteen more copies to satisfy his friends over there—they used to tear the comics I sent him in excited frenzy !
Boys and *girls* read SMASH and have *begged* and *begged* for me to write to tell you just how much they love it, especially *Rubberman*, *Hulk* and *Batman*.
Vic Mooney,
Birmingham.
Keep up the good work, Vic, and we'll award you the FONZO (Friends of New Zealand Order).
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I just got the first issue of you-know-what and found that again you have risen to higher heights of greatness. I mean, WHAM was good, SMASH was great, POW was marvellous, but FANTASTIC is just fantastic !
There is just one little thing about it which could be changed, and that's the lack of funnies. Take a page from the LINK and that's it.
Robert Hayndle,
Barking, Essex.

Over to you, Power People. To fun or not to fun, that is the question ! If you want a funny let us know—and a funny you shall have.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Every week I am anxious to get my SMASH and POW. I think they are both great. I have written to SMASH three times and to POW twice hoping to win a HULK-Sweatshirt or SPIDERMAN-Shirt, even if this letter isn't printed in POW ! I hope it is printed in SMASH, because I wouldn't mind that twenty bob note. At Christmas I had a SMASH annual and I thought it was brilliant. Tell me, in the summer will you be publishing a POW Summer Special or SMASH or WHAM ?
Steven Pollinger,
Bristol.

Haven't decided about those specials yet, Steven. But if we do find time to produce them we'll tell you well in advance.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
The night after reading FANTASTIC No. 4, I dreamt that the Vanisher had made your printing press vanish, and there were no more FANTASTICS ! But when I woke up, there were all the copies of FANTASTIC, so far issued. Boy, was I relieved !
P.S. I underlined Alf and Bart 'cos you're just FANTASTIC !
Robert Carrington (Carrots they call me),
Wellingborough.

What a nightmare, Carrots. We underlined you too 'cos you're just TERRIFIC !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
There was this man on a bus one morning and he said to the conductor, "I'm sorry I seem to have left my money in my other suit."
So the conductor said, "Don't worry sir, don't worry—just get off the bus ! "
James Clancy,
London, S.E.28.
So what's so funny? That was me!
Bart

ENSHRINE YOUR NAME IN LEGEND; WRITE NOW TO TERRIFIC !
EACH LETTER PUBLISHED WINS A POUND.

BE FRAUGHT WITH POWER !
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ADDRESS.....
.....
.....
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Signature of Parent or Guardian.....
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news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

GUESS who bounced back to the garret this week with a sun-tan you could make a fortune out of if you could only get it into a bottle? That's right! None other than the Minister of Power himself—Affable Alf, just back from that holiday in sunny Spain. And do you know what was the first thing he did? He settled down to catch up on the two sets of issues of all the Power Comics that had been published whilst he was away. And he must have liked what he saw—because he didn't scowl once! So, with the return of the affable one that ABC of Power is once again complete. And if you're figuring out what Power's ABC is—it's Alf, Bart & Cos. But *naturally*! If you didn't catch on to that right away don't write yourself off as a dim-brain. Because we hadn't thought of it ourselves until some of you pointed it out in your letters!

TWENTY FRANTIC FOLLOWERS

Christopher Croft, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex; Nigel Troke, Exeter, Devon; Fred Carrier, Sunderland, Co. Durham; Philip Smith, Dunstable, Beds.; Paul Howard, Widnes, Lancs.; Howard Cox, Croydon, Surrey; Pete Grant, Edinburgh, Scotland; James Cathles, Sheffield 10; Charles Ford, Orpington, Kent; Jerry Hughs, Croydon, Surrey; Francis Dolen, Ormskirk, Lancs.; Susan James, Manchester, Lancs.; Philip Alderman, Gwaun-Cae-Gurwen, S. Wales; Paul Irons, Epping, Essex; Glyn Davis, Smethwick, Staffs.; Richard Kowalczyk, Harlesden, London, N.W.10; Stuart Dicks, High Wycombe, Bucks.; Philip Watson, Glenfield, Leicester; Antony Bullock, Winshill Burton-on-Trent, Staffs.; Robert Thompson, Harrogate, Yorks.

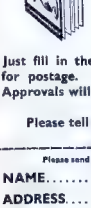
With three new Power Comics out this year (Pow, Fantastic, Terrific) our sales figures tell us that either you faithful followers are all buying three copies of each Power Comic or we've picked up a mass of new readers. So, since the latter is probably the case, this may be the moment to re-state our pledge that you old hands know so well. Our comics are dedicated to the new breed of Comic Fans! They are founded on the conviction that our readers have intelligence and taste, and can recognise what's good in stories and art. That makes 'em our kind of people—and as such they deserve the best that we can give them. It isn't always easy, but at least it's always fun!

That's it for this week—but in the meantime hear's a tip for all those new readers we've been talking about. If you meet a guy with green skin, be polite to him. It could be HULK!

FREE!

STAMP COLLECTOR'S OUTFIT

INCLUDING:



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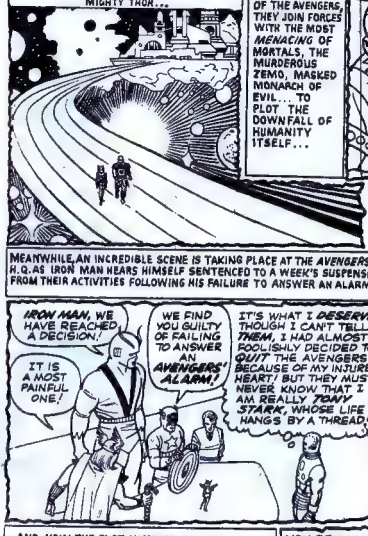
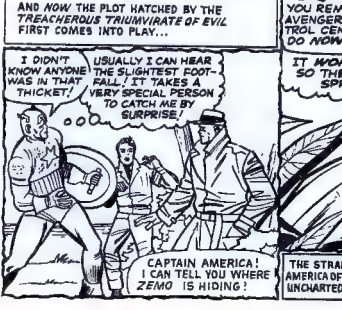
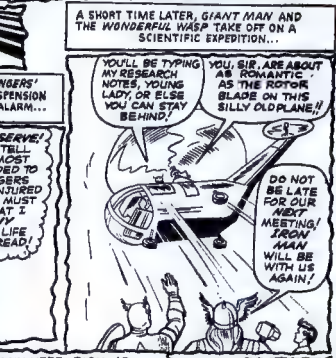
REVENGE SMOULDERS IN THE HEARTS OF THE BANISHED GODS AND, SEEKING TO VANQUISH THOR AND THE REST OF THE AVENGERS, THEY JOIN FORCES WITH THE MOST *MENACING* OF MORTALS, THE MURDEROUS ZEMO, MASKED MONARCH OF EVIL... TO PLOT THE DOWNFALL OF HUMANITY ITSELF...



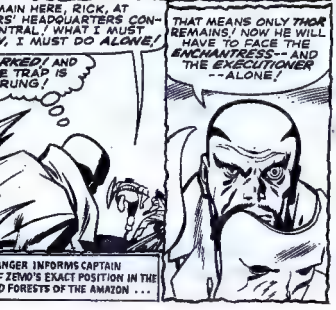
A SHORT TIME LATER, *GIANT MAN* AND THE *WONDERFUL WASP* TAKE OFF ON A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION...

MEANWHILE, AN INCREDIBLE SCENE IS TAKING PLACE AT THE *AVENGERS'* H.Q. AS IRON MAN HEARS HIMSELF SENTENCED TO A WEEK'S SUSPENSION FROM THEIR ACTIVITIES FOLLOWING HIS FAILURE TO ANSWER AN ALARM...





AND *NOW* THE PLOT HATCHED BY THE *TREACHEROUS TRIUMVIRATE OF EVIL* FIRST COMES INTO PLAY...



EVEN AS THE EXECUTIONER SPEAKS THE THUNDER GOD, IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE INDUCED BY THE LOVELY ENCHANTRESS, DRINKS A SPECIALLY PREPARED POTION...

AND NOW, MY WORK IS DONE! WHEN THOR AWAKENS, HE WILL FEEL THAT THE AVENGERS ARE HIS MORTAL ENEMIES!

SOON, THERE WILL BE A BATTLE SUCH AS THE PLANET EARTH HAS NEVER KNOWN!!

THE PLANET EARTH HOLDS MANY ENEMIES OF MANKIND -- MANY ENEMIES OF YOURS! DO YOU KNOW WHO THEY ARE?

OF COURSE!! THOUGH THEY HAVE POSED AS MY FRIENDS -- NOW I TRULY KNOW THEM FOR WHAT THEY ARE!

BUT, WHAT OF THESE "FRIENDS" OF THOR'S? ONE OF THEM IS BAILING OUT OVER A DENSE, UNCHARTED PART OF THE AMAZON JUNGLE AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

WHEREVER YOU ARE, ZEMO -- I'LL FIND YOU!

AND, HATE-FILLED EYES WATCH FROM THE THICKET BELOW...

THE EXECUTIONER WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD! NOW TO PREPARE FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA'S FINAL DEFEAT!

AT AN IMPERIAL SIGNAL FROM ZEMO, A CONCEALED LAUNCHING SITE IS UNCOVERED, AND A COMPLEX GAS-FILLED MISSILE HEADS FOR THE UNSUSPECTING 'CHUTIST...

BUT, ALTHOUGH HE WAS TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THE BATTLE-HONED BRAIN OF THE MAN WHOM THE WORLD CALLS CAPTAIN AMERICA DEVISES A PROTECTIVE PLAN ALMOST INSTANTANEOUSLY .....

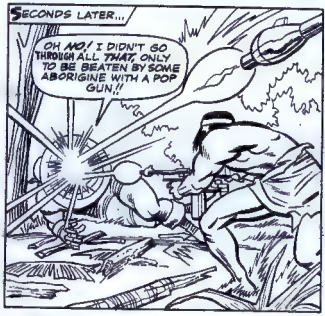
GAS! I'VE GOT TO PULL MY 'CHUTE DOWN AROUND ME -- FAST!

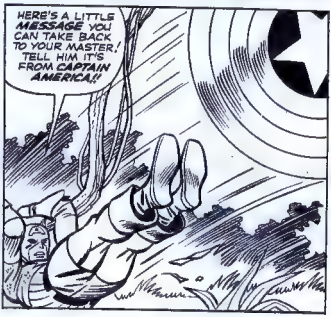
THE TIGHTLY-WOVEN NYLON CLOTH WILL SHIELD ME FROM THE FUMES, BUT--

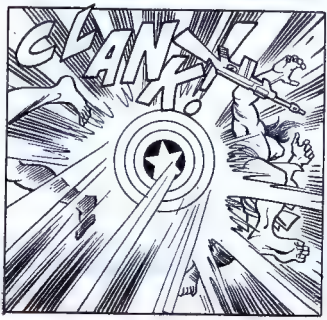
--I'VE GOT TO BREAK OUT BEFORE I LAND! IT'LL REQUIRE SPLIT-SECOND TIMING--!!

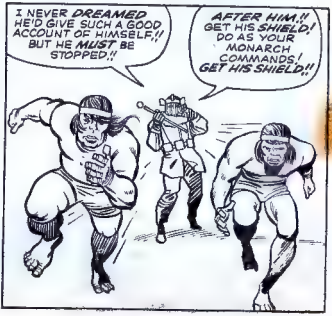
THEN, AT THE LAST POSSIBLE INSTANT-- A SLASHING SHARP-EDGED SHIELD CUTS ITS WAY THROUGH THE CLOTH, AND--
HERE IT COMES-- THE MOMENT OF IMPACT!

TWISTING HIS SUPPLE BODY LIKE AN ACROBAT IN FLIGHT, GUIDING HIMSELF TOWARDS THE SOFTEST, THICKEST CLUSTER OF LEAVES, THE GALLANT AVENGER CROUCHES BEHIND HIS SENSATIONAL SHIELD LETTING IT ABSORB THE INITIAL BRUNT OF COLLISION--!!
WHOOSH!
I DID IT!!


SECONDS LATER...
OH NO! I DIDN'T GO THROUGH ALL THAT, ONLY TO BE BEATEN BY SOME ABORIGINE WITH A POP GUN!!


HERE'S A LITTLE MESSAGE YOU CAN TAKE BACK TO YOUR MASTER! TELL HIM IT'S FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA!!


CLANG!


I NEVER DREAMED HE'D GIVE SUCH A GOOD ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF,!! BUT HE MUST BE STOPPED!!
AFTER HIM,!! GET HIS SHIELD! DO AS YOUR MONARCH COMMANDS! GET HIS SHIELD!!

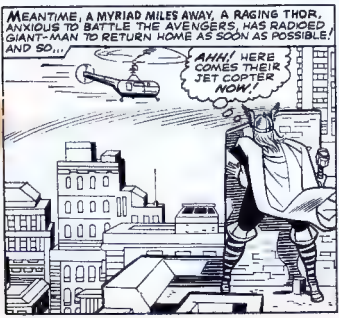
CAN'T WASTE TIME WITH THESE UNKNOWING PAWNS! I'VE GOT TO GET TO ZEMO!
BUT FIRST, I'LL CATCH MY SHIELD BEFORE THEY GET IT!

VAULTING TO THE SPOT WITH BLINDING SPEED, THE ASTOUNDING CAPTAIN AMERICA SCOOPS UP HIS SHIELD BETWEEN HIS FLASHING FEET!

AND THEN...
NOW TO FIND A SOFT LANDING SPOT AGAIN!

BUT, UNEXPECTEDLY, HE CRASHES THROUGH A PRIMITIVE CAMO-FLAUGED BIG-GAME TRAP!
WHA--?? THERE'S SOME SORT OF PIT BELOW ME!

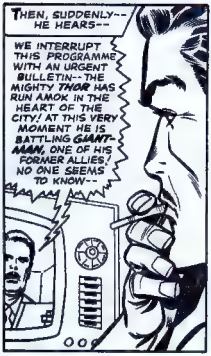
IT'S A TRAP-- FOR SNARING CARNIVOROUS BEASTS! BUT IT'S DEEP ENOUGH TO HOLD A DINOSAUR!
WHAT HAVE I GOT MYSELF INTO???

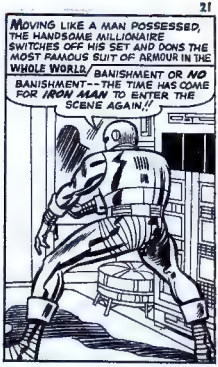

MEANTIME, A MYRIAD MILES AWAY, A RAGING THOR, ANXIOUS TO BATTLE THE AVENGERS, HAS RADIOED GIANT-MAN TO RETURN HOME AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! AND SO...
AHH! HERE COMES THEIR JET COPTER NOW!

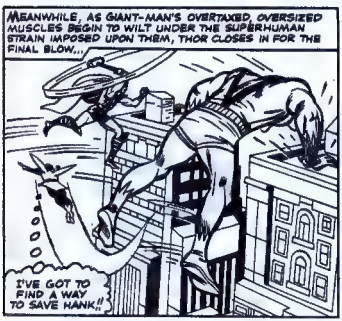
AND SO, THE MIGHTY THUNDER GOD, STILL UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE EXOTIC ENCHANTRESS, PREPARES TO ATTACK HIS UNSUSPECTING FELLOW AVENGERS!!
GIANT-MAN AND THE WASP ARE EVIL! I MUST DEFEAT THEM FOR THE GOOD OF MAN-KIND!

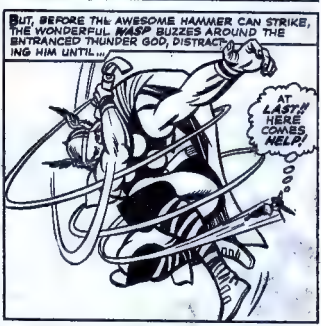
WHILE, ABOARD THE JET COPTER,...
WHY DO YOU THINK THOR RADIOED US TO RETURN IMMEDIATELY, HANK?
I DON'T KNOW, JAN--BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! I SEE HIM BELOW US!
HE'S COMING TOWARD US! BUT HIS EXPRESSION--HIS FACE--SOMETHING'S WRONG!!
JAN!! SHRINK TO WASP-SIZE--ON THE DOUBLE!! CONDITION RED! THOR'S ATTACKING US!
A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, SHATTERED BY THE FORCE OF THE THUNDER GOD'S HAMMER, THE JET COPTER FALLS APART, AS THE WASP FLIES TO SAFETY, WHILE...
GIANT-MAN CAUSES HIMSELF TO GROW TO HIS LARGEST POSSIBLE SIZE, THEREBY HAVING THE SMALLEST, POSSIBLE DISTANCE TO FALL!!
I SAVED MYSELF BY BECOMING FORTY FEET HIGH--BUT I'VE OVER-EXTENDED MYSELF--I'M TOO BIG--TOO WEAK WHILE THIS SIZE!!
I'M EVEN TOO WEAK TO QUICKLY REDUCE MY SIZE... AND HERE COMES THOR!!
ALL I CAN DO IS FLIP MYSELF OUT OF HIS WAY--TILL I CAN LEARN WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!! HE MUST HAVE GONE MAD!!

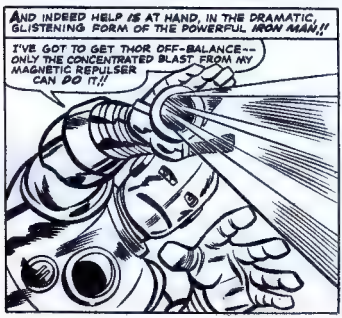
AND, NOT FAR AWAY, ANTHONY STARK RECHARGES HIS LIFE-GIVING CHEST DEVICE AS HE WATCHES A TV SHOW AT HOME...
I NEVER REALIZED HOW MUCH BEING AN AVENGER MEANT TO ME! I CAN'T WAIT TILL MY PERIOD OF BANISHMENT IS OVER, AND I'LL BE ABLE TO REJOIN MY FELLOW ADVENTURERS!


THEN, SUDDENLY--HE HEARS--
WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAMME WITH AN URGENT BULLETIN--THE MIGHTY THOR HAS RUN AMOK IN THE HEART OF THE CITY! AT THIS VERY MOMENT HE IS BATTLING GIANT-MAN, ONE OF HIS FORMER ALLIES, NO ONE SEEMS TO KNOW--


MOVING LIKE A MAN POSSESSED, THE HANDSOME MILLIONAIRE SWITCHES OFF HIS SET AND DONS THE MOST FAMOUS SUIT OF ARMOUR IN THE WHOLE WORLD.
BANISHMENT OR NO BANISHMENT--THE TIME HAS COME FOR IRON MAN TO ENTER THE SCENE AGAIN!!


MEANWHILE, AS GIANT-MAN'S OVERTAXED, OVERSIZED MUSCLES BEGIN TO WILT UNDER THE SUPERHUMAN STRAIN IMPOSED UPON THEM, THOR CLOSES IN FOR THE FINAL BLOW...
I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO SAVE HANK!!


BUT, BEFORE THE AWESOME HAMMER CAN STRIKE, THE WONDERFUL WASP BUZZES AROUND THE ENTRANCED THUNDER GOD, DISTRACTING HIM UNTIL...
AT LAST!! HERE COMES HELP!


AND INDEED HELP IS AT HAND, IN THE DRAMATIC, GLISTENING FORM OF THE POWERFUL IRON MAN!!
I'VE GOT TO GET THOR OFF-BALANCE--ONLY THE CONCENTRATED BLAST FROM MY MAGNETIC REPULSER CAN DO IT!!

IRON MAN--WHAT IS IT?? WHY IS THOR ATTACKING US?? WHAT HAPPENED WHILE WE WERE GONE??
I DON'T KNOW, WASP! BUT I WON'T REST UNTIL I'VE FOUND OUT!!

AND, FROM A NEARBY VANTAGE POINT, THE TWO STRANGE NEWCOMERS TO EARTH WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CHAOS WATCH WITH SINISTER SATISFACTION...

PERFECT--PERFECT!! SOONER OR LATER THEY'LL DESTROY EACH OTHER! JUST AS ZEMO WILL DESTROY CAPTAIN AMERICA!!

BUT WILL HE?? I'D BETTER MAKE SURE ALL IS GOING WELL WITH OUR MORTAL PARTNER!!

HOW FORTUNATE THAT ODIN DID NOT TAKE ALL MY POWERS FROM ME! HERE ON EARTH, THERE ARE STILL MANY FORMS OF ENCHANTMENT AT MY COMMAND, SUCH AS THIS ONE...

BAM!! ZEMO IS A FOOL! LOOK--CAPTAIN AMERICA STILL LIVES!! HE IS TRAPPED AT THE BOTTOM OF A PIT, BUT HE IS STILL ALIVE!!

HE MUST NOT ESCAPE! ALTHOUGH IT STRAINS MY POWER TO NEAR BREAKING POINT, I MUST TRY TO REACH HIM--

IT'S WORKING--I CAN FEEL IT!! JUST ANOTHER MINUTE MORE, AND I'LL CAUSE A CAVE-IN IN THAT PIT, SEALING HIM WITHIN IT!

BUT, HAVING BEEN TRAINED IN THE FIRE OF MANY BATTLES, THE COLOURFUL CRUSADER QUICKLY TURNS EVERY NEW DANGER INTO HIS OWN ADVANTAGE...

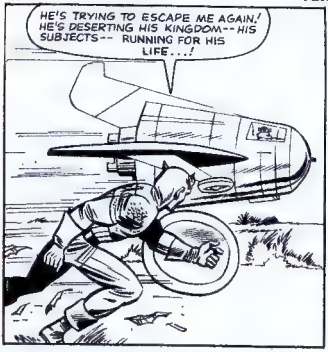
BY PROTECTING MYSELF WITH MY SHIELD, I'LL SOON BE ABLE TO USE THESE FALLING ROCKS TO GET OUT OF HERE!

AND FINALLY, WHEN THE CAVE-IN HAS ENDED...

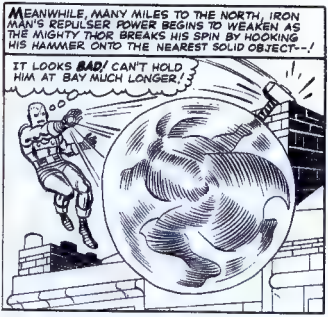
PERFECT!!! THERE ARE JUST ENOUGH ROCKS TO GIVE ME A CHANCE TO CLIMB TO THE SURFACE!

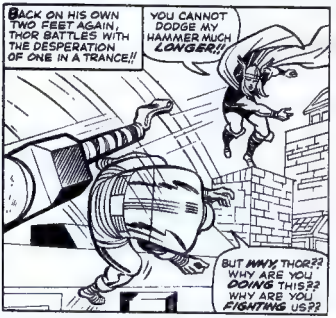
AND NOW TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH THE MURDEROUS ZEMO!!!

BUT, ZEMO HAS NOTICED CAPTAIN AMERICA'S NEW APPEARANCE, AND QUICKLY BARKS AN ORDER...
THE VIBRA-GUN!! FASTER, YOU LAZY DOLTS!! HIT HIM WITH THE VIBRA-GUN!!
HOWEVER, THE MOST SKILFUL FIGHTING MAN OF OUR TIME, TRAINED TO MAKE USE OF ANYTHING HE FINDS ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE, QUICKLY SEIZES THE TOP OF A GIANT FLEXIBLE VINE, BENDING IT BACK AS FAR AS IT WILL GO--
I'VE ONLY SECONDS IN WHICH TO STRIKE!!
BUT THOSE SECONDS ARE ALL I NEED!!
TWANG!
WHAP!
SO FAR, SO GOOD!! NOW TO REACH THAT VIBRA-GUN BEFORE HIS MEN RECOVER!!
WOOOK!
FLEE!! THE MASKED ONE FIGHTS LIKE A DEMON!!
COME BACK, YOU JACKALS!! YOU CAN'T DESERT ME NOW! BACK, I SAY!!
BUT, EVEN AS THE FRANTIC ZEMO SHOUTS IN VAIN, THE FURIOUS FORCE OF HIS OWN WEAPON SHATTERS HIS PRIMITIVE PALACE, BRINGING IT DOWN WITH A RESOUNDING ROAR!
THAT FINISHES HIS PALACE! AND NOW FOR ZEMO HIMSELF!
THEN, THE GRIM-LIPPED AVENGER TURNS FROM THE VIBRA-GUN, AND...
FIRST, I'LL MAKE SURE MY SHIELD IS FIRMLY MAGNETIZED TO MY USUALLY HIDDEN GLOVE MAGNETS--
--AND NOW I'LL-- WAIT!! THE SOUND OF AN AIRCRAFT BEYOND THOSE TREES!!


HE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE ME AGAIN! HE'S DESERTING HIS KINGDOM--HIS SUBJECTS-- RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE...!

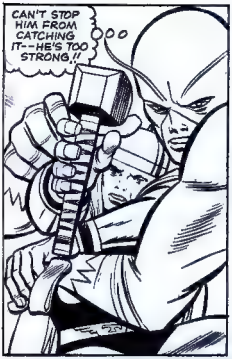
BUT THIS-TIME HE'S GOING TO HAVE AN UNSUSPECTED PASSENGER!!
THANKS TO THE TRANSISTOR-POWERED MAGNETS TONY STARK HELPED ME DESIGN FOR MY BATTLE SHIELD!

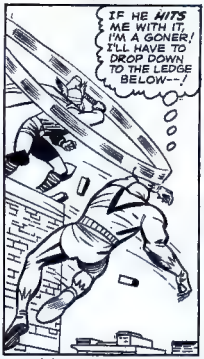

MEANWHILE, MANY MILES TO THE NORTH, IRON MAN'S REPULSER POWER BEGINS TO WEAKEN AS THE MIGHTY THOR BREAKS HIS SPIN BY HOOKING HIS HAMMER ONTO THE NEAREST SOLID OBJECT--!
IT LOOKS BAD! CAN'T HOLD HIM AT BAY MUCH LONGER!

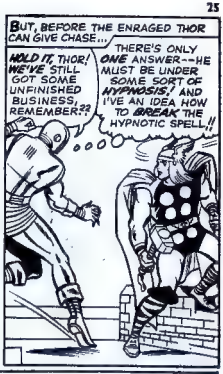

BACK ON HIS OWN TWO FEET AGAIN, THOR BATTLES WITH THE DESPERATION OF ONE IN A TRANCE!!
YOU CANNOT DODGE MY HAMMER MUCH LONGER!!
BUT WHY, THOR?? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?? WHY ARE YOU FIGHTING US??

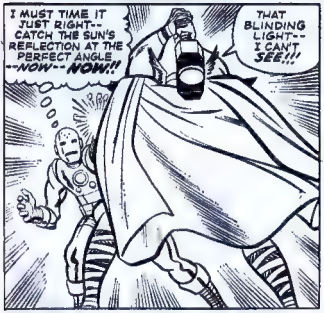
HOWEVER, BEFORE THE THUNDER GOD CAN ANSWER, A REVITALIZED GIANT-MAN, DOWN TO HIS FIGHTING SIZE OF TWELVE FEET AGAIN, LASHES OUT WITH THE SPEED OF A PYTHON--!
ALL RIGHT, THOR-- IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO DO SOME EXPLAINING, MISTER!

I SHALL DO MY EXPLAINING WITH MY AVENGING HAMMER--
--WHICH IS RETURNING TO ME EVEN NOW!!


CAN'T STOP HIM FROM CATCHING IT--HE'S TOO STRONG!!


IF HE HITS ME WITH IT, I'M A GONER! I'LL HAVE TO DROP DOWN TO THE LEDGE BELOW--!

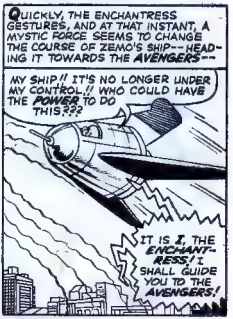

BUT, BEFORE THE ENRAGED THOR CAN GIVE CHASE...
HOLD IT, THOR! WE'VE STILL GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS, REMEMBER??
THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER--HE MUST BE UNDER SOME SORT OF HYPNOSIS! AND I'VE AN IDEA HOW TO BREAK THE HYPNOTIC SPELL!!


I MUST TIME IT JUST RIGHT--CATCH THE SUN'S REFLECTION AT THE PERFECT ANGLE --NOW--NOW!!
THAT BLINDING LIGHT--I CAN'T SEE!!

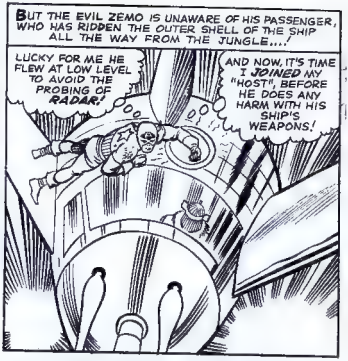
IT'S WORKING!! HE'S STOPPED--HIS EYES ARE CLEARING! I KNEW THE LIGHT OF THE SUN WOULD DISPEL ANY SORT OF EVIL HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE! HE'S HIMSELF AGAIN!
IRON MAN!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?? IS YOUR WEEK'S BANISHMENT ALREADY ENDED??

AND, OBSERVING FROM A SAFE DISTANCE, WE FIND...
WE FAILED!! THOR IS NO LONGER UNDER MY SPELL!
BAN! IT IS AS I'VE ALWAYS SAID--BRUTE STRENGTH IS THE ONLY ANSWER--THE STRENGTH OF THE EXECUTIONER!

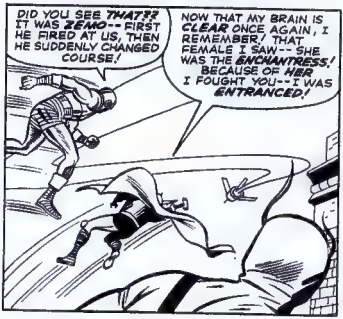
I DARE NOT TELL HIM I FEARED HIS STRENGTH--FEARED HE MIGHT MARM THE HANDSOME THOR--THOR, THE ONE I HOPE WILL SOME DAY BE MINE!
LOOK! A SHIP IS APPROACHING--THE SHIP OF DR. ZEMO!!


QUICKLY, THE ENCHANTRESS GESTURES, AND AT THAT INSTANT, A MYSTIC FORCE SEEMS TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF ZEMO'S SHIP--HEADING IT TOWARDS THE AVENGERS--
MY SHIP!! IT'S NO LONGER UNDER MY CONTROL!! WHO COULD HAVE THE POWER TO DO THIS???
IT IS I, THE ENCHANTRESS! I SHALL GUIDE YOU TO THE AVENGERS!

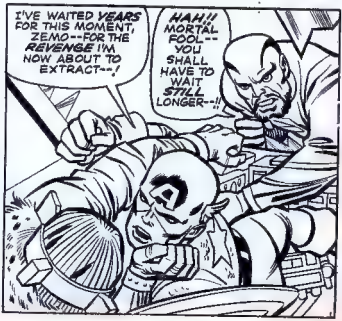
THERE THEY ARE!! I'LL GET THEM ALL AT ONCE WITH THE WITHERING BLAST OF MY GIANT STUN GUN!


BUT THE EVIL ZEMO IS UNAWARE OF HIS PASSENGER, WHO HAS RIDDEN THE OUTER SHELL OF THE SHIP ALL THE WAY FROM THE JUNGLE....!
LUCKY FOR ME HE FLEW AT LOW LEVEL TO AVOID THE PROBING OF RADAR!
AND NOW, IT'S TIME I JOINED MY "HOST", BEFORE HE DOES ANY HARM WITH HIS SHIP'S WEAPONS!

CRASH!


DID YOU SEE THAT?? IT WAS ZEMO-- FIRST HE FIRED AT US, THEN HE SUDDENLY CHANGED COURSE!
NOW THAT MY BRAIN IS CLEAR ONCE AGAIN, I REMEMBER, THAT FEMALE I SAW-- SHE WAS THE ENCHANTRESS! BECAUSE OF HER I FOUGHT YOU-- I WAS ENTRANCED!

EXECUTIONER--QUICK!! ZEMO IS IN TROUBLE!! I USED A SIMPLE SPELL TO BRING THE SHIP HERE, WHERE YOU CAN AID OUR EVIL PARTNER!! HURRY!


I'VE WAITED YEARS FOR THIS MOMENT, ZEMO--FOR THE REVENGE I'M NOW ABOUT TO EXTRACT--!
HAH!! MORTAL FOOL-- YOU SHALL HAVE TO WAIT STILL LONGER--!!

WITH THE MERE TOUCH OF HIS HAND, THE EXECUTIONER SUBJECTS THE MORTAL CAPTAIN AMERICA TO A PRESSURE EQUAL TO ONE HUNDRED TIMES THE FORCE OF GRAVITY--!!
THIS WILL PREVENT YOU FROM INTERFERING WITH US ANY MORE TODAY! NO HUMAN CAN FEEL IT AND REMAIN CONSCIOUS!!
QUICKLY!! PUT CAPTAIN AMERICA OUT OF THE SHIP! WE'LL NEED ALL OUR SPEED!! THE AVENGERS ARE COMING AFTER US!
HURRY!! THEY'LL REACH US IN SECONDS!!!
MOVING WITH SURPRISING SPEED, THE EXECUTIONER LEAVES THE UNCONSCIOUS AVENGER ON THE ROOF TOP AND CARRIES THE ENCHANTRESS INTO ZEMO'S SHIP, BOLTING THE HATCH DOOR SHUT BEHIND HIM.!! AND THEN...
WE SAVED ZEMO FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA JUST IN TIME!
NO ONE CAN STOP US NOW!! HERE WE GO!!
BUT, THE FLEEING TRIUMVIRATE OF EVIL FAIL TO RECKON WITH THE AWESOME POWER OF THOR'S HAMMER-- AND THE RAGING FURY OF HIS ANGER!!
SPIN, MY MIGHTY MALLET!! SPIN, AND CAUSE AN ALL-CONSUMING SPACE WARP--!
A SPACE WARP BIG ENOUGH TO ABSORB ZEMO'S ENTIRE SHIP, AND THE MERCILESS BEINGS WITHIN IT!
THOR! WHAT DID YOU DO?? WHERE IS ZEMO'S SHIP GOING TO END UP???
NONE CAN SAY!! A SPACE WARP CAN LEAD ANYWHERE --TO A DIFFERENT CITY--OR A DIFFERENT UNIVERSE!!!
WHAT ABOUT CARR? HOW IS HE?
HE'S COMING TO NOW! DON'T WORRY--HE'LL BE GOOD AS NEW IN A FEW MINUTES!
THAT IS FORTUNATE FOR US! WE SHALL SOON NEED ALL OUR STRENGTH!!!
IF THE ENCHANTRESS IS AMONG US, THEN THE EXECUTIONER MUST BE, ALSO! THEIR POWER IS GREATER THAN ANY MORTAL CAN SUSPECT! TOGETHER WITH ZEMO--THEY MAY BE AS STRONG AS WE!
NO MATTER HOW STRONG THEY ARE--WE'LL FIND THEM!! AND WHEN WE DO, NOTHING WILL SAVE THEM --NOTHING!!!
AND WHEN THEY DO, AS INDEED THEY WILL, YOU'LL BE THERE TOO, SHARING ALL THE THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT! THIS IS OUR PLEDGE TO YOU, IN THIS, THE GLORIOUS NEW ERA OF POWER!

ODD SPORTS

HUMAN STORKS

EACH summer a small town in Poland holds a competition for human storks. The competitors are young men of the town and a medal is awarded to whoever can stand longest on one leg without any support.

About twenty enter for the contest, but at the end of an hour most of them drop out.

At a recent meeting only one competitor was left in the field after two hours. Then, encouraged by his success he announced that he would maintain his position for two hours longer.

The spectators thereupon began laying bets, most of them being against the competitor. Even when the champion 'stork' had kept his balance for three and a half hours, betting increased to 6 to 1 against him!

After three hours and forty-five minutes, the 'stork' had become so weak that he could hardly speak, and every moment it was expected that he would topple over. But to the surprise of the spectators, and the joy and profit of those who had bet in his favour, he stood on to win by a margin of ten minutes!

As a result of his ordeal, the champion developed such severe cramp that he could not move his legs for several days.

FROG JUMPING

Last summer a vacant plot facing the Hudson River, New York, became a gold mine for a showman who organised a frog-jumping championship. The charge for admission to watch the contest was one dollar and every ticket was sold long before the frog match began.

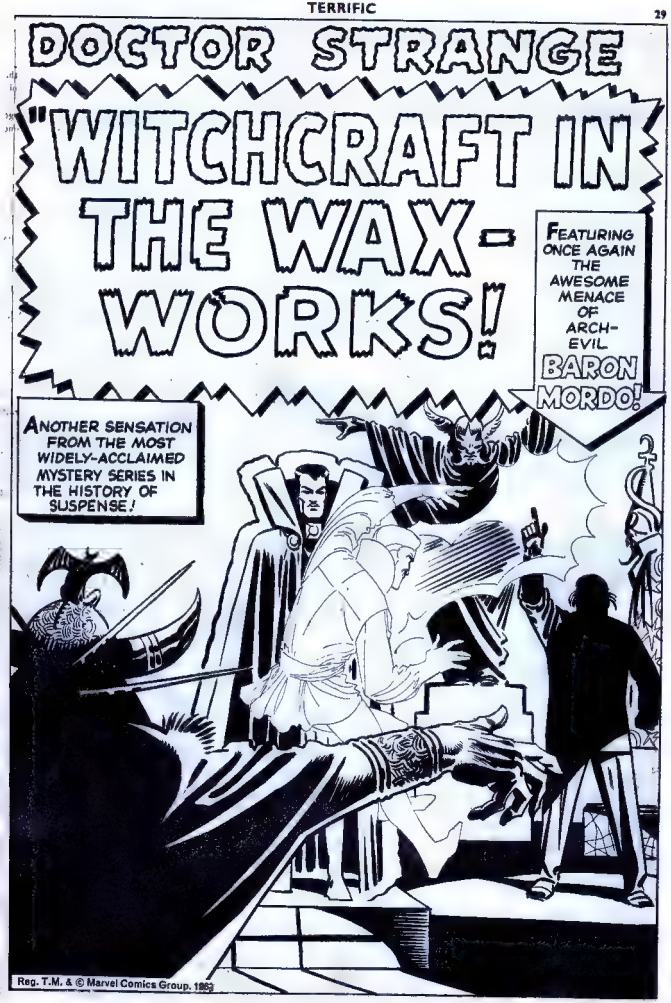
The course for the race was divided into six lanes, each 50 feet long and separated from each other by muslin fencing. Throughout the length of each lane were placed 20 wooden hurdles.

In the nearby "paddock" were six large frogs receiving expert attention from their trainers and seconds.

When the clerk of the course had declared that all was ready for the race, the frogs were brought to the starting gate. The seconds were then handed a list of rules, the chief being that while waiting for the "off," frogs were to be held by one leg only.

At last the starting gun was fired and the whole field leaped forward. Then, one by one, each runner crept close to the side of its muslin-fenced lane, closed its eyes and went to sleep.

Despite frantic prods from disgusted seconds, not one frog could be induced to complete the course. So the contest was declared no race. But the optimistic promoter intends organising another frog race this year!


DOCTOR STRANGE
"WITCHCRAFT IN THE WAX-WORKS!"
FEATURING ONCE AGAIN THE AWESOME MENACE OF ARCH-EVIL BARON MORDO!
ANOTHER SENSATION FROM THE MOST WIDELY-ACCLAIMED MYSTERY SERIES IN THE HISTORY OF SUSPENSE!
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1962

ALONE IN HIS MYSTIC CHAMBER, THE MYSTERIOUS DR. STRANGE IS EVER ON GUARD, EVER ALERT TO ANY SIGN OF DANGER TO MANKIND FROM THE WORLD OF MAGIC!
IT IS WELL! I CAN DETECT NO SUPER-NATURAL FORCES MENACING EARTH AT THIS TIME! AND YET, WHAT IS THIS STRANGE PREMONITION I FEEL? AS THOUGH DANGER IS LURKING NEARBY!

SUDDENLY, THE OMINOUS MOOD IS SHATTERED BY THE COMMONPLACE JANGLE OF A NEARBY TELEPHONE BELL! AND SO...
THIS IS DR. STRANGE! WHAT--???
HELP ME, DR. STRANGE! HELP ME! YOU MUST COME AT ONCE! MY ADDRESS IS--

SECONDS LATER, AS DR. STRANGE'S PHYSICAL BODY REMAINS MOTIONLESS...
I CAN REACH MY DESTINATION FASTER IF I TRAVEL BY MEANS OF MY UNPHYSICAL ECTOPLASMIC SELF!

THIS IS THE PLACE! BUT, IT IS DESERTED!
ATTACHED TO THE PHONE --A RECORDING DEVICE! THERE IS NO AURA OF DANGER HERE! MERELY A RECORDING, LURING ME UPON A WILD GOOSE CHASE!

WHOEVER IS RESPONSIBLE HAD A REASON FOR WANTING ME TO LEAVE MY QUARTERS! I MUST RETURN WITHOUT DELAY!

THEN, AS THE MASTER OF MAGIC REACHES HIS SILENT STUDY...
MY PHYSICAL FORM!! IT IS GONE! SOMEONE HAS TAKEN IT!!

NOT JUST "SOMEONE" DR. STRANGE! IT WAS I, BARON MORDO, THE ONE WHO HAS VOWED TO DESTROY YOU!!
MORDO!! AGAIN YOU DARE TO ATTACK ME!!

YES, MY ACCURSED RIVAL! BUT THIS TIME I SHALL NOT FAIL! I CANNOT FAIL, FOR, SO LONG AS I REMAIN IN MY PHYSICAL FORM, AND YOU ARE TRAPPED IN YOUR ECTOPLASMIC FORM, YOU CANNOT HARM ME!
YOU KNOW MY BODY IS NOW PROTECTED BY THE POWER OF THE VISHANTI! YOU CANNOT HARM IT, MORDO!

BUT I CAN PREVENT YOU FROM REGAINING IT! AND, AS YOU WELL KNOW... IF YOU REMAIN IN YOUR ECTOPLASMIC FORM FOR MORE THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, YOUR PHYSICAL FORM IS DOOMED!
SO THAT IS YOUR PLAN! TO KEEP ME FROM MY BODY FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, SO THAT MY MORTAL SELF WILL PERISH!!

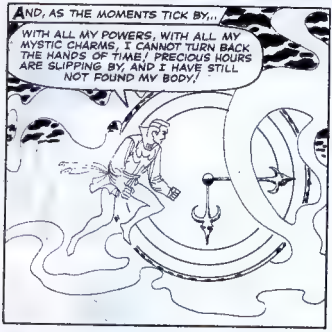
AND ONCE YOUR BODY IS DESTROYED YOUR ECTOPLASMIC FORM WILL SOON WITHER AND DIE! THEN I SHALL BE THE GREATEST MASTER OF THE OCCULT ON EARTH!
DO NOT GLOAT, TOO SOON, MORDO! I HAVE THWARTED YOU IN THE PAST--I SHALL DO SO AGAIN--SOMEHOW!!

"NOT THIS TIME, STRANGE! FOR I HAVE HIDDEN YOUR BODY WELL! AND, EVEN IF YOU DO FIND IT, I HAVE PUT A SPELL OVER IT, SO THAT YOU WILL BE UNABLE TO REGAIN IT!!"

WITH THOSE LAST WORDS, THE PROJECTO-IMAGE OF BARON MORDO FADES AWAY, AS A DESPERATE DR. STRANGE, TRAPPED IN HIS ECTOPLASMIC FORM, BEGINS A FRANTIC SEARCH TO FIND HIS BODY BEFORE THE FATAL TWENTY-FOUR HOURS CAN ELAPSE!!
THE UNFAILING POWER OF MY AMULET SHALL LEAD TO MY PHYSICAL FORM NO MATTER HOW WELL MORDO HAS HIDDEN IT!

BUT, THEN...
ECTOPLASMIC ALLIES OF BARON MORDO!!
SO! EVEN THOUGH HE SAYS HE IS SURE OF VICTORY, THE EVIL ONE TAKES NO CHANCES! BUT I CAN DEFEAT ANY HE MAY SEND AGAINST ME!

BEGONE, DENIZENS OF THE DARK! LET THE CLEAN LIGHT OF MY ENCHANTED AMULET BATHE OVER YOU!
LET ALL THE HOSTS OF HOGGOTH SEND YOU BACK TO THE NETHERWORLD FROM WHENCE YOU CAME!! BEGONE--I COMMAND YOU!!


AND, AS THE MOMENTS TICK BY...
WITH ALL MY POWERS, WITH ALL MY MYSTIC CHARMS, I CANNOT TURN BACK THE HANDS OF TIME! PRECIOUS HOURS ARE SLIPPING BY, AND I HAVE STILL NOT FOUND MY BODY!

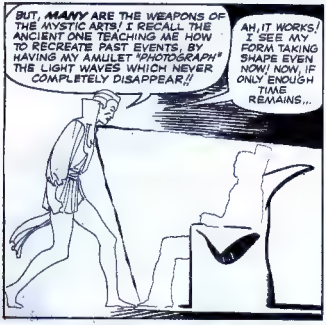
MORDO IS CRAFTY INDEED! HE SENDS HIS EVIL TRAPS TO BALK ME AT EVERY TURN!
ALTHOUGH I CAN ELUDE THEM ALL, EACH ENCOUNTER SLOWS ME DOWN.... COSTS ME PRECIOUS TIME!!

YET, I MUST NOT WEAKEN! I MUST CONTINUE TO FIGHT--TO FOLLOW THE PATH WHICH MY AMULET BLAZES! I DARE NOT BE DEFEATED! I DARE NOT LEAVE THE WORLD TO THE MERCY OF ONE SUCH AS MORDO!

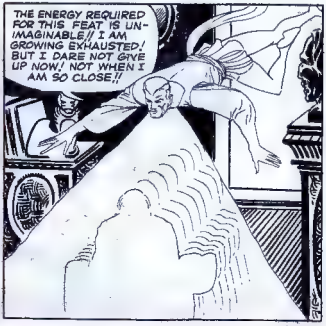
AHHH! AT LAST MY AMULET HAS LED ME TO THE PLACE WHERE I SHALL FIND WHAT I SEEK!
BUT MY TIME IS ALMOST GONE! I HAVE ONE SCANT HOUR LEFT TO ME!

THIS IS WHERE MORDO FIRST TOOK MY BODY! BUT--IT IS DESERTED NOW! BOTH MY ARCH-FOE, AND MY PHYSICAL FORM ARE GONE!!

AM I DOOMED AT LAST?? MY AMULET CAN LEAD ME NO FURTHER! MORDO HAS COVERED HIS TRAIL WITH A SPELL WHICH I CANNOT UNDO!


BUT, MANY ARE THE WEAPONS OF THE MYSTIC ARTS! I RECALL THE ANCIENT ONE TEACHING ME HOW TO RECREATE PAST EVENTS, BY HAVING MY AMULET "PHOTOGRAPH" THE LIGHT WAVES WHICH NEVER COMPLETELY DISAPPEAR!!
AH, IT WORKS! I SEE MY FORM TAKING SHAPE EVEN NOW! NOW, IF ONLY ENOUGH TIME REMAINS...

BY OBSERVING THE LIGHT WAVES WHICH I THUS RECREATE, I CAN FOLLOW THE FAINT IMAGE OF MORDO AND LEARN WHERE HE HAS HIDDEN MY PHYSICAL FORM!!

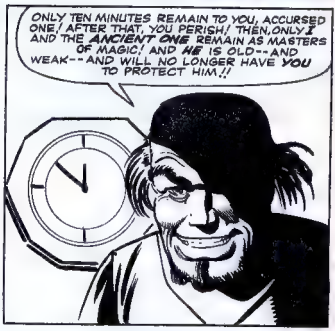

THE ENERGY REQUIRED FOR THIS FEAT IS UN-IMAGINABLE!! I AM GROWING EXHAUSTED! BUT I DARE NOT GIVE UP NOW! NOT WHEN I AM SO CLOSE!!

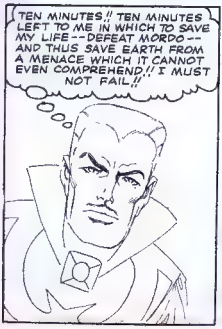
AH! HE BRINGS MY BODY TO A PERFECT HIDING PLACE--A WAXWORKS NOW, MY ONLY PROBLEM IS--DO I HAVE ENOUGH TIME LEFT FOR WHAT I MUST DO??

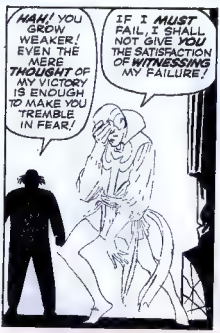
IT IS AS I FEARED!! THE SPELL HE PLACED OVER MY BODY IS TOO STRONG! I CANNOT BREAK IT IN THE BRIEF TIME WHICH REMAINS TO ME!

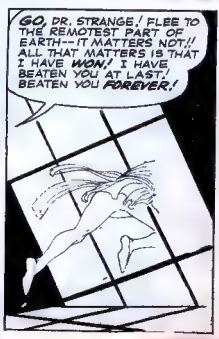
EVEN MY ENCHANTED AMULET IS POWERLESS TO SHATTER THE PROTECTIVE SHIELD OF BARON MORDO! TO FIND THE PROPER CHARM TO SHATTER THE SHIELD WOULD TAKE HOURS --HOURS WHICH I DO NOT HAVE LEFT!

AH, STRANGE! HOW SWEET IS MY FINAL TRIUMPH! THOUGH YOU HAVE FOUND WHAT YOU SEEK, IT DOES YOU NO GOOD!
AND, SO LONG AS I REMAIN IN MY PHYSICAL FORM, AND YOU IN YOUR ECTOPLASMIC FORM, THERE IS NO WAY YOU CAN HARM ME!


ONLY TEN MINUTES REMAIN TO YOU, ACCURSED ONE! AFTER THAT, YOU PERISH! THEN, ONLY I AND THE ANCIENT ONE REMAIN AS MASTERS OF MAGIC! AND HE IS OLD--AND WEAK--AND WILL NO LONGER HAVE YOU TO PROTECT HIM!!


TEN MINUTES!! TEN MINUTES LEFT TO ME IN WHICH TO SAVE MY LIFE--DEFEAT MORDO--AND THUS SAVE EARTH FROM A MENACE WHICH IT CANNOT EVEN COMPREHEND!! I MUST NOT FAIL!!

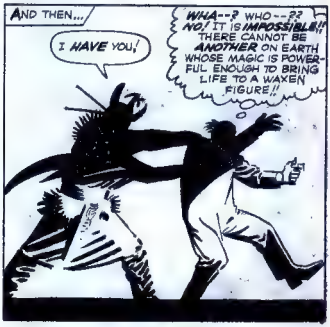

HAH! YOU GROW WEAKER! EVEN THE MERE THOUGHT OF MY VICTORY IS ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU TREMBLE IN FEAR!
IF I MUST FAIL, I SHALL NOT GIVE YOU THE SATISFACTION OF WITNESSING MY FAILURE!


GO, DR. STRANGE! FLEE TO THE REMOTEST PART OF EARTH--IT MATTERS NOT!! ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT I HAVE WON! I HAVE BEATEN YOU AT LAST! BEATEN YOU FOREVER!

AS FOR YOU-- YOU, THE PHYSICAL EMBODIMENT OF MY HATED ENEMY-- WITHIN TEN MINUTES I SHALL WATCH YOU FADE AWAY INTO NOTHINGNESS.!! THIS SHALL EVER BE MY SUPREME TRIUMPH.!!

BUT, EVEN AS MORDO GLOATS, HE FAILS TO NOTICE AN UNCANNY THING BEHIND HIM...AS ONE OF THE WAX FIGURES SEEMS TO COME ALIVE!

SLOWLY, SILENTLY, THE STARTLING FIGURE APPROACHES MORDO, MOVING UNEASILY ON ITS WAXEN LEGS...

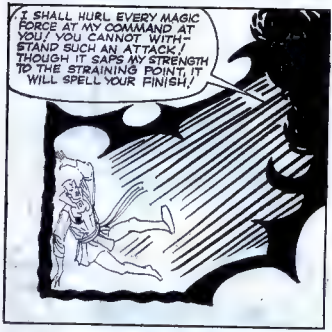

AND THEN...
I HAVE YOU!
WHA--? WHO--?? NO! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!! THERE CANNOT BE ANOTHER ON EARTH WHOSE MAGIC IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BRING LIFE TO A WAXEN FIGURE!!

BEFORE MORDO CAN OPEN HIS MOUTH TO UTTER A MAGIC SPELL WHICH MIGHT SAVE HIM FROM HIS ATTACKER, THE WAX FIGURE GAGS HIM SO THAT HE CANNOT MOUTH THE MYSTIC WORDS!
I AM STILL NOT BEATEN! IF I CANNOT UTTER THE WORDS TO SAVE ME IN MY PHYSICAL FORM, I CAN ALWAYS CHANGE TO MY ECTOPLASMIC SELF!!

NOW THEN, WHOEVER OR WHATEVER YOU MAY BE-- ALL THAT YOU HOLD IS THE UNIMPORTANT BODY OF BARON MORDO! BUT I NOW REMAIN FREE TO MATCH YOUR MAGIC WITH MY OWN!

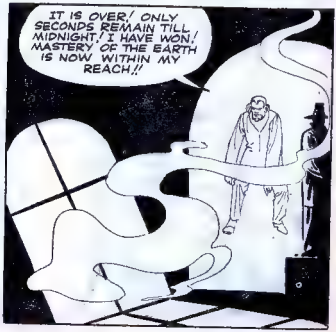
NOT SO, MORDO! YOU HAVE TRAPPED YOURSELF! NOW WE ARE BOTH IN OUR UN-PHYSICAL FORMS! NOW YOU MUST BATTLE ME!
YOU! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED! THOUGH YOU COULD NOT CONTROL A NORMAL LIVING THING, YOU COULD CONTROL A WAX FIGURE!

BUT YOUR RUSE SHALL AVAIL YOU NOTHING! FOR YOUR TIME IS ALMOST UP! YOUR POWERS ARE AT THEIR WEAKEST! WHILE I -- I AM AT THE PEAK OF MY POWER, AS YOU SHALL SEE!

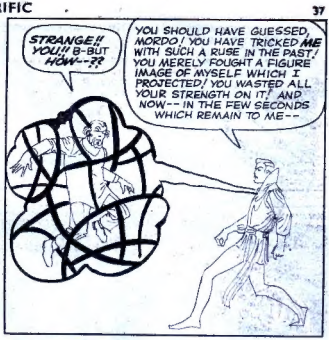

I SHALL HURL EVERY MAGIC FORCE AT MY COMMAND AT YOU! YOU CANNOT WITH-STAND SUCH AN ATTACK! THOUGH IT SAPS MY STRENGTH TO THE STRAINING POINT, IT WILL SPELL YOUR FINISH!

AAH! EVEN NOW YOU SLUMP TO THE FLOOR AS THE LIFE FORCE BEGINS TO LEAVE YOU! NOT A SINGLE DEFENSE HAVE YOU MUSTERED! NOT A SINGLE ATTACK HAVE YOU LAUNCHED!

FAREWELL, DOCTOR STRANGE! FAREWELL, VANQUISHED ONE! WE SHALL NEVER MEET AGAIN!!


IT IS OVER! ONLY SECONDS REMAIN TILL MIDNIGHT! I HAVE WON! MASTERY OF THE EARTH IS NOW WITHIN MY REACH!!

NOW, I MUST RETURN TO MY PHYSICAL FORM! I MUST REST--FEEL WEAK--I VENTED ALL MY POWER ON THAT FATAL ATTACK!
WHA--? SOMETHING PREVENTS ME FROM MOVING!! I CANNOT REACH MY FORM!


STRANGE!! YOU!! B-BUT HOW--??
YOU SHOULD HAVE GUESSED, MORDO! YOU HAVE TRICKED ME WITH SUCH A RUSE IN THE PAST! YOU MERELY FOUGHT A FIGURE IMAGE OF MYSELF WHICH I PROJECTED! YOU WASTED ALL YOUR STRENGTH ON IT! AND NOW--IN THE FEW SECONDS WHICH REMAIN TO ME--

--I RETURN TO MY OWN BODY! FOR, WITH YOU HELD AT BAY BY MY ENCHANTED AMULET, THE SPELL WHICH SHIELDED MY FORM IS NOW VANISHED!

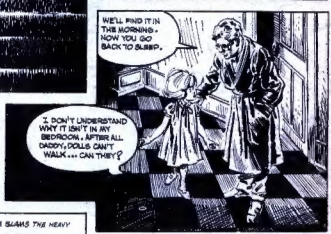
AS FOR YOU, EVIL ONE, I MUST ALLOW YOU TO LIVE--FOR I HAVE VOWED NEVER TO TAKE A LIFE, NO MATTER HOW DESERVING IT MAY BE OF DEATH! BUT I SHALL KEEP YOU FROM YOUR BODY FOR TWENTY-THREE HOURS, WHILE YOU PONDER ON THE USELESSNESS OF AN EVIL LIFE!

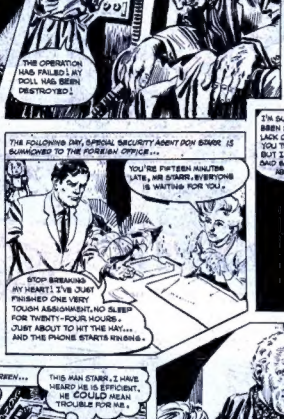
YOU ARE A FOOL, STRANGE! YOUR REFUSAL TO FINISH ME WILL PROVE TO BE YOUR UNDOING! FOR I SHALL NEVER STOP ATTACKING YOU! I SHALL NEVER REST UNTIL I HAVE RID THE EARTH OF YOU--UNTIL I AM SUPREME!

AND, AS THE MOON BATHES THE CITY IN A SILENT GLOW, A TALL, DRAMATIC FIGURE SLOWLY WALKS FROM THE WARWORKS, WRAPPED IN HIS OWN SOBER THOUGHTS...
SO LONG AS LIFE EXISTS, THE RIGHTEOUS MUST ALWAYS GUARD AGAINST THE WICKED!! I SHALL BE VIGILANT! NO MATTER WHERE, OR HOW MORDO MAY STRIKE--I SHALL BE READY FOR HIM!
AND ALWAYS SHALL I BE ARMED WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT EVIL CAN NEVER TRIUMPH OVER THE FORCE OF GOOD!
WE HAVE VOWED BY MIGHTY MITHRAS LORD OF MYSTERY, AND BY THE MOON AND BY THE MYRIAD STARS TO TELL YOU MORE OF DR. STRANGE . . . NEXT WEEK!

the LIVING DOLLS

A BEAUTIFULLY MADE AND PAINTED DOLL HAS BEEN FOUND IN THE GARDEN OF A FOREIGN OFFICE V.I.P. NOTHING SPINE-TINGLING ABOUT THAT. BUT WHEN MIDNIGHT STRIKES IN THE STILL AND DARKENED HOUSE, THE DOLL GETS UP AND WALKS...





NEXT WEEK — OUR STARR PERFORMER IN ACTION...

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